

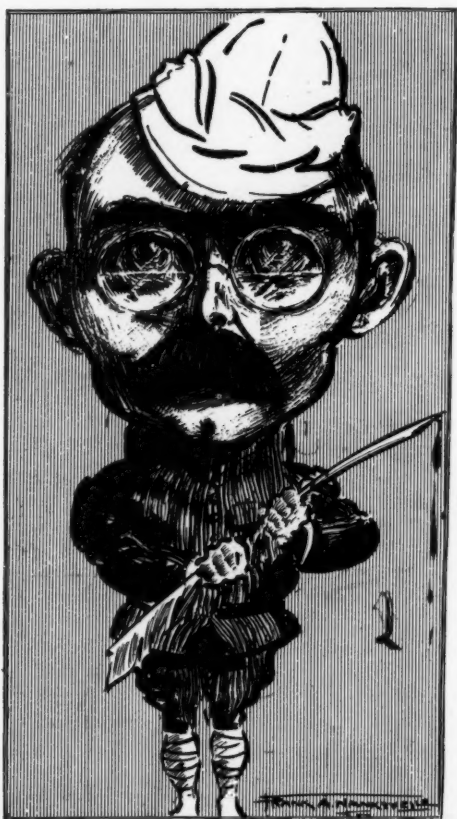


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A DANGEROUS FIRECRACKER.



PUCKOGRAPHS. — LX.

A COBBLER THAT OUGHT TO STICK TO HIS
LAST AND LET THE BRITISH EMPIRE
RUN ITSELF.

but, also, if the censor does his duty, avoid any occasion for
getting very red in the face about it.

FIREFLIES.

A GLORIOUS FOURTH FANCY.
By Little Tommy.

CROSS the inky darkness,
Along the grassy seas,
They brightly drift and glimmer,
The black night's golden bees.

Around the breezy garden,
Beside the winding stream,
As one goes out another
Begins to gleam and beam.

I think these sparks so pretty
Are spilled, like jewels rare,
From some big fairy pin-wheel
That spins I know not where.

R. K. Munkittrick.

SPEAKING OF great leaders, Mr. Hanna is perhaps not a pillar of fire
by night, but he is a cloud of dust during office hours.

PHILADELPHIANS, it is reported, feel better about having had the Re-
publican National Convention in their midst. They are said to have
been much reconciled by the recent efforts of the leaders of the party
to make a funeral of the affair.

APPROXIMATION.

BIG HEAD.—Is n't it
strange the way the nations
are acting? Americans ex-
press sympathy with Krug-
er, Canadians with Agui-
naldo, and Russians with
Cronje.

WISEUN.—Oh! I don't
know. That is about as
close as Christian nations
can get to the divine com-
mand. They love one an-
others enemies.

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

PEAKED-HEADED FA-
NATIC.—I am an Anti-Ex-
pansionist, sir, and—

PLAIN CITIZEN.—Oh,
well! you need not apolo-
gize to me; it is no con-
cern of mine.

REMARKABLY GOOD.

"I saw the Bishop sprint-
ing for a car to-day with a
bag of golf clubs on his
arm. Does he play a good
game?"

"Good? You bet it
's good! — goody-good.
Why, 'Pshaw!' is about
his limit."

THE FITTEST will
not only sur-
vive in South Africa,

IN CONFIDENCE.

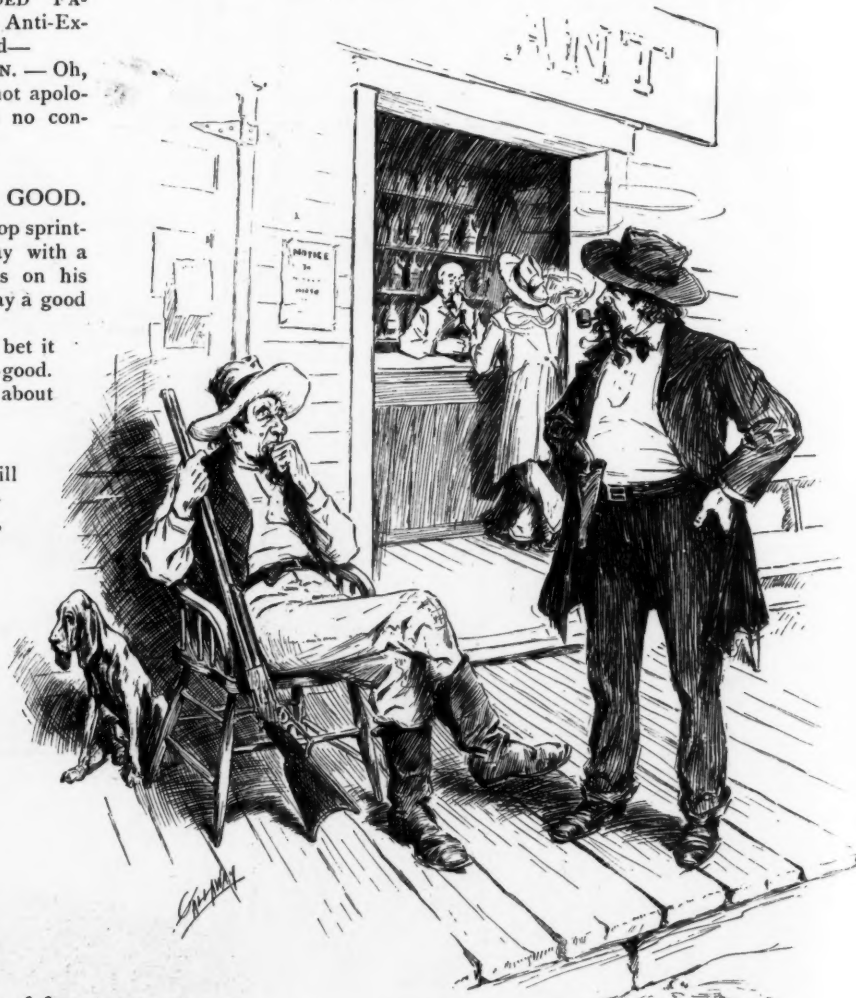
FRIEND.—Your business must keep you
hustling?

EDITOR DAILY JAUNDICE.—Oh! it is
n't so hard. You can find news enough in
the morning papers for the first half-dozen
afternoon extras.

VOGUE.

The far-sung dove of peace may yet —
Such is the vogue of warlike things —
Discard the customary white,
And hover high on khaki wings.

IF THE average citizen could convert his platonic love for good govern-
ment into an ardent passion, he would get it.

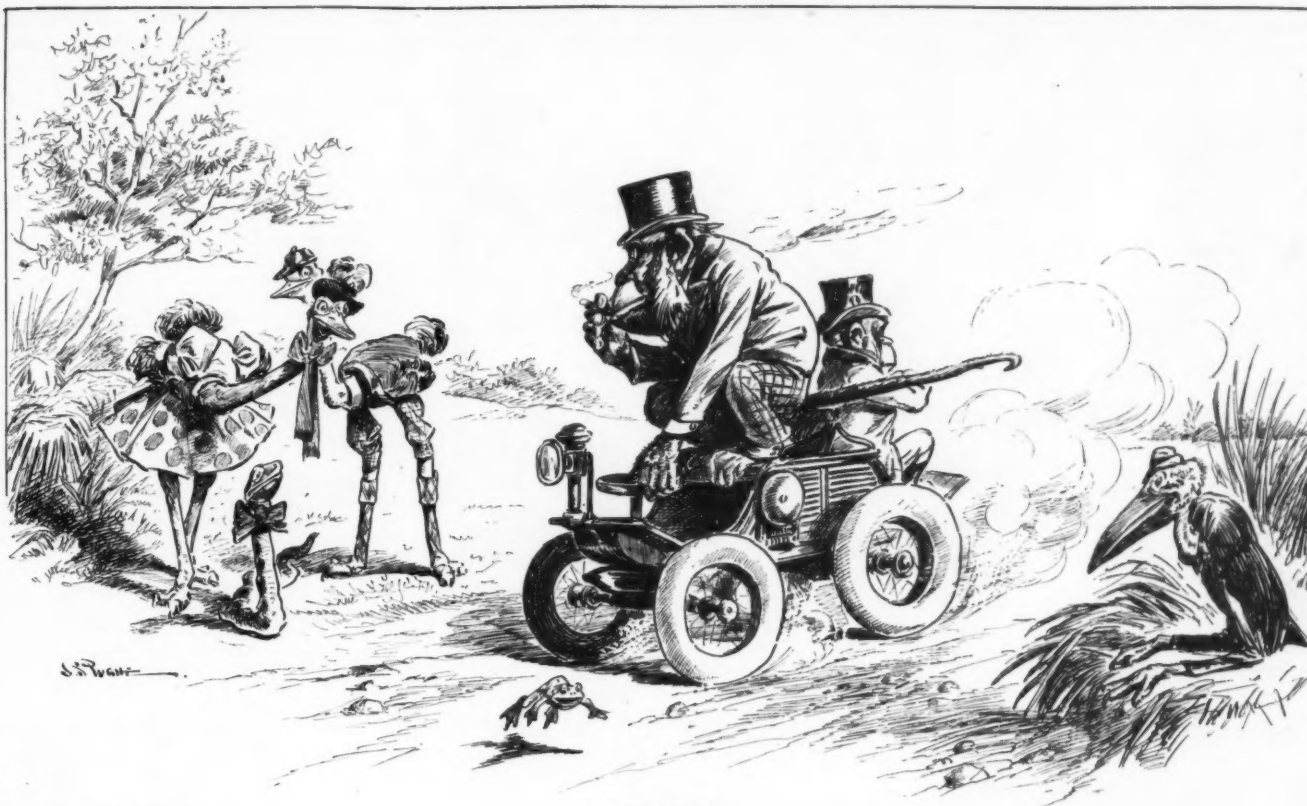


IN OLD KENTUCKY.

FIRST NATIVE.—I hear Deacon Jasper was struck by lightning while
on his way to church.

SECOND NATIVE.—Yes; the ways of the Lord are past finding out!

FIRST NATIVE.—True; but then thar 's no telling whether the
Deacon was going thar to pray or shoot!



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PROGRESS.

MISS OSTRICH.—Old Simian in an automobile! Did you ever see such lugs?

MR. BOA.—And I can remember when he considered it the height of enjoyment to swing by his tail from a tree!

AN APPROPRIATE INQUIRY.

THERE WAS considerable of a squabble here in the office the other night," said the landlord of the tavern at Ruralville; "and I kinder guess it would have resulted in an able-bodied fist-fight if I had n't snubbed all hands out-of-doors and closed up for the night quite a bit earlier than common. You see, the fellers got to discussin' the case, that's goin' to be brought up in the next term of court, of Mrs. Cranksmith, a widow, who is suin' a hypnotist for large damages, claimin' that he controls all her actions and bosses all her proceedin's, greatly to her disadvantage and detriment.

"Most everybody was on the side of the widow, b'cuz she is a woman and considerably comely, for one thing, and hypnotists ain't popular enough to hurt, in the average healthy community, anyhow, and the professor of mesmerism and his methods were gittin' a large-sized tongue-lashin' from almost everybody present, when Lyman P. Savage, who is dyspeptic and always on the other side and chronically lookin' for trouble—confound him!—ups and asks how it came about that, if the hypnotist controlled all the lady's actions, he was doghobbed fool enough to incite her to turn in and sue him for damages. And then the janglin' began, and I just took and put 'em

all, and the cat, and the lights, out, and locked up the house. Still, although I quashed the argument in order to protect the furniture, I'm inclined to think that Lyman's interrogation was pretty close to the point and had a good deal more appropriateness to it than a whole lot of the questions that are goin' the rounds all the time."

WHAT HE WANTED.

BARRELTON.—It will cost me a hundred thousand dollars to be elected Senator.

MRS. BARRELTON.—As much as that?

BARRELTON.—Yes; but I'll spend the money. I want the honor!

IN THE NATURE OF AN OBSTACLE.

GUIDE.—This is Bunker Hill.

VISITING BRITON (also a golfer).—Ah! that was a bunker, to be sure!

AT THE OASIS.

FIRST CAMEL.—Those Orientals are dead-slow, anyhow!

SECOND CAMEL.—What's the trouble?

FIRST CAMEL.—Why don't they get autotrucks for these caravans and let us have a rest?



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CAUSE OF THE COLDNESS.

EDITH.—So, all is over between you and Harold?

ETHEL.—Yes; I gave him ten dollars to bet for me on Pocahontas yesterday.

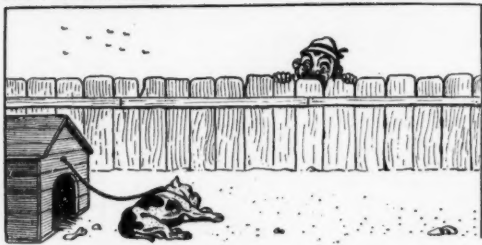
EDITH.—Well, Pocahontas lost.

ETHEL.—Yes; and the mean thing would n't even go to the bookmaker and ask him to give me my money back.

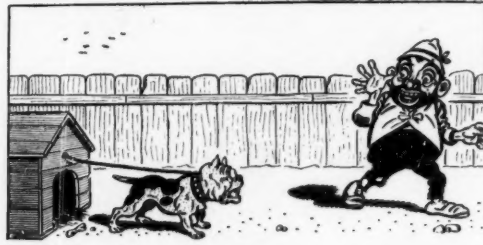
THERE SEEMS to be no way for the Journalistic Pot to call the Dramatic Kettle black without unduly advertising the latter.

MURKY MIKE'S MISTAKE.

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I.
MURKY MIKE.—Great Hobo! Jes' look at dat yard full o' clothes; no one in sight, and de dorg tied up wid a yard o' rope. Dis is my lucky day!

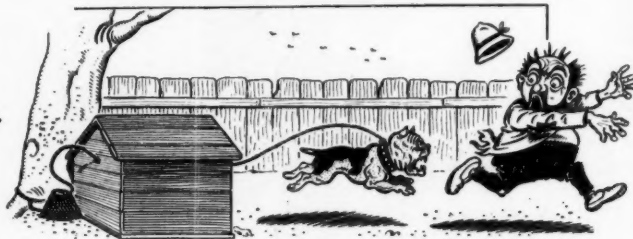


II.
"Oh! dat 's all right, Dorgy! Don't worry yourself! Youse can't git t'ree feet away from dat box, so jes' rest quiet while I swipe a few changes of linen."

SUMMER DAYS.
The robin redbreast pipes his lay,
The politician lays his pipes;
The bunco-steerer meets the jay
And lovingly his whole wad swipes.

ALWAYS.
"Papa, what is a white Jew?"
"One you can rob, my son."

THE TWO sides of a story generally make a vigorous effort to exceed each other in dimensions.



III.
THE DOG.—Oh! I don't know! You are not so safe! You don't know when I am at the end of my rope!



IV.
MURKY MIKE.—Fer th' love av hivin! I never seed rope stretch like dat afore. This tree 's my only chance.



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AFTER THE SHOW.

ANGELINE.—Oh! Did n't little Eva have the most ecstatic expression on her face when she died? Oh!
PENELOPE.—Oh! but did n't she! Looked like she thought she was going right straight to de Paris Exposition!

A FALSE VIEW.

MAY.—Why did Nell break her engagement?

MAUD.—Jack took such a false view of life.

MAY.—Why, what do you mean?

MAUD.—He seemed to think that it was nothing but one long continuous swallow.

AN ADMISSION.

HE (*servently*).—I feel, darling, nay, I know, that I love you more every day.

SHE.—You horrid thing!

HE.—But why?

SHE.—Because you admit that you love me less now than you will to-morrow

HIS OPINION.

THE TEACHER.—But all trees do not bear fruit. In what way are the others useful?

PUPIL.—They 're good to climb.



V.
"All right, Mister Farmer, I'll come down; but please wind up that dorg."



VI.
FARMER HARDACRE (*as he passes the "notice"*).—If the stock of tramps hold out and they don't get on to that rope game I'll not have to pay any road taxes the balance of my life.

HIS DEDUCTION.

"H'm—yes!" ejaculated Uncle Abner, in the midst of his perusal of the village newspaper. "I see the editor of the *Weekly Agitator* played some o' them slot-machines, while he was up to the city last week, and got skinned."

"He don't tell it right out in the paper, does he?" asked Nephew Jotham.

"No; but he calls 'em demoralizin' and an invention of the devil."

TOO LONG.

CATTERSON.—When your wife gets your new house arranged to suit her, we're coming to see you.

HATTERSON.—All right! Come around in four or five years.

IT WOULD be a fair and satisfactory arrangement if our snobs would compromise, spending their money at home and their time abroad.

INTERRUPTIONS.



OUR GOLDEN SPEECH! alack, we find
In every companie
Dull churls who know not of its worth,
Insisture or degree!
Oh! how can it be, merry world,
And how can learning grow
When churls may chill our flowering mirth
And check our logic's flow?

Churls, knurls (and girls), no matter what
The talk is, grave or gay,
Instead of just enjoying it
They have a lot to say.
If with sweet sorrow we repine
Then comes their misplaced wit,
And if we make a merry jest
They do not notice it.

Oh! would I knew some gentle soul
With not a word to say,
Who loved when golden speech was heard
To listen all the day; —
To sit and listen and to smile,
To nod the head and weep; —
To laugh aloud with boisterous glee
And plunge in wonder deep.

W. F.



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THE INSPIRATION.

"Phew! that was a hot old sermon Mr. Pounder-out handed to us this morning. What do you suppose inspired him to denounce all the poms and vanities so bitterly?"

"He was defeated for the golf club championship yesterday."

THEIR DECEIT.

SHE.—Appearances are deceitful.

HE.—Yes; a person can never tell just how much it is going to cost to keep them up.

A DIFFICULT LINE.

PUBLICAN.—I' faith, if a man does not keep a quiet, respectable place these temperance folk will make it hot for him!

GUEST.—They will, in truth! In your line a man must try to please not only those who buy his goods but those who don't!

OTHERWISE OCCUPIED.

IKEY.—How much vos a shekel, Fader?

HIS FATHER.—How should I know, Ikey? I bin too busy mit tollars undt cendts to bodder about shekels!

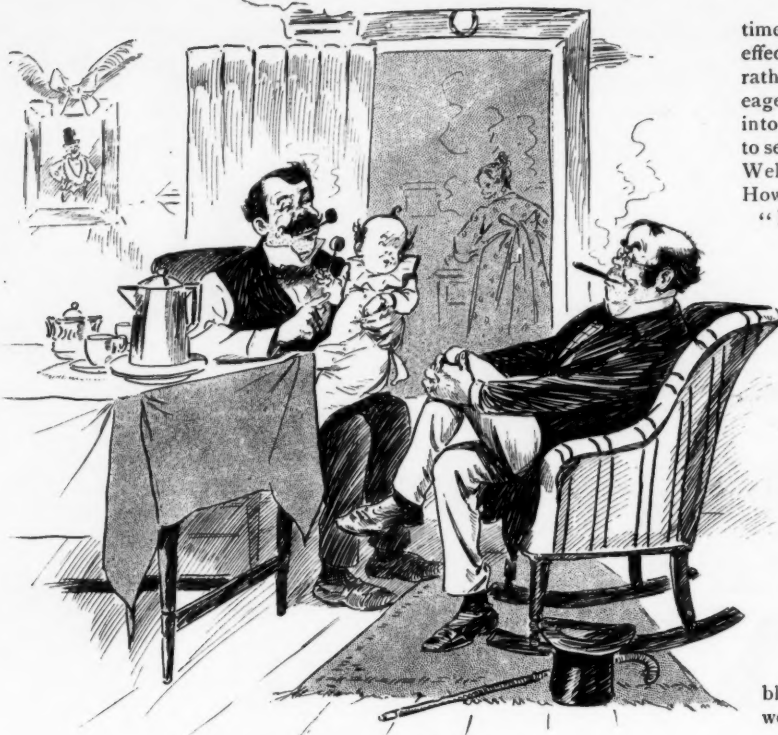
WHY THIS mad pursuit of wealth, when money will neither save a man's soul nor, if he be at all stout, make him look well in a golf suit.



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WHEN SHE GOES BATHING.

'T is Mabel's first season, and down by the sea
For fully a month has she been;
But how can a maiden, I question, "come out,"
Who wholly declines to go in?



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FATHERLY AMBITION.

CASEY.—Phwat are yez going to make out av him, Kelly?

KELLY.—Divil a thing! Nawthing at all! Oi want him to grow oop and be a politician, be gobs!

A MEETING WITH BELLINGHAM.

LAST NIGHT I met Bellingham again. Bellingham is the most cruel man I know—absolutely the most brutal and heartless. He is always meeting me. Sometime, if I am good, I shall go to heaven and be well rid of him. It is n't a nice thing to say, but that is the only reason I am good. The absolute fear I have of meeting Bellingham "beyond" has hitherto kept me in the straight and narrow path—and Bellingham is usually pottering around somewhere in the path. He is always where he does n't belong, but that is because he does n't belong anywhere. Bellingham is futile physically, mentally and morally. He has the physique of a mirage, the brains of a jelly-fish, and the morals of a squash. And he is homely—so homely! And sociable—so excruciatingly! And tiresome—so awfully!

"Ah! old man!" he cried, and the entire Bellingham chimera glared incandescently with the mere joy of meeting. (I some-

times think that Bellingham is really aware of the pleasantly stimulating effect of his personality, and that his joy in bearding me is devilish rather than sincere.) He shot out a hand electric to the tips with glad eagerness; and really, he is so sympathetic that you are always surprised into giving him a cordial grasp. "I am glad to see you!" he continued jubilantly. "Well! Well! It's an age since I saw you last! How are you, anyway?"

"I am very well, thank you," I replied.

The words fell like reluctant chips from a block of ice. I was suffering the usual relapse that comes after shaking hands with Bellingham. Then an inspiration came to me. "As a matter of fact, Bellingham," I went on, "I'm in a little financial difficulty, just now. Trying to raise a thousand. Know anyone with a thousand to lose?"

"What 's that?" said Bellingham, suspiciously. It seemed that all the little endearments, all the gentle, agreeable, charming, distressingly familiar questions about one's personal affairs that he was used to effuse, were blasted in the bud. I could have wept for joy.

"I want to borrow a thousand," I said, with deadly distinctness. "Can you lend me a thousand?"

Bellingham is the most futile man I know. Any other man would have said "No," at once, and the matter would have dropped, and the man made his escape. But Bellingham! Bellingham dragged me into a neighboring hostelry and wrote a check for fifteen hundred. With gentle but firm denials—and two expensive

HALF-WAY.

SHE (at the Summer resort).—You will be here another week, won't you?

HE.—Yes, dear! Why?

SHE.—I was just thinking that our engagement was even now half over.



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HE GOT FORTY-SEVEN DOLLARS.

PARSON JOHNSON.—Bredren and Sisters! De collection to-night amounts to seven cents and an ole baggage check! It now becomes mah painful duty to inform yo' dat Professor Drizzle ob Yale says de airth will be drawn into de sun by Sunday next! Professor Poke ob Harvard prophesies a collision wif a fixed star by nex' week, Tuesday! Professor Slobbs ob Princeton say de bottom is gwine drop out ob de Atlantic Ocean and bust things generally! Deacon Jackson will now pass de hat again fo' de benefit ob a'l unenlightened membahs wot may wish to die in de Lord!

AS TO ART.

Art is long, but not wide enough to cover all the crimes that are committed in its name.

EASY TO QUOTE.

Many a proverb has gained currency merely because it was easily committed to memory.

LIKE MEASLES.

Distrust the man who has no small vices. The cussedness which fails to break out almost invariably strikes in.

THERE WOULD

be very little fighting in this world if some folks did n't underestimate other folks.



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Wednesday, July 11, 1900. — No. 1218.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

THERE IS no doubt that Governor Roosevelt would rather be strenuous than Vice-President. But the deadly machine-test for strenuousness has left the medal in this State to illumine the chest of one Thomas Platt. Mr. Platt is quite strenuous himself, for an old gentleman, and he has n't talked much in public about it either. The ensuing phenomena will not be without interest. For one thing, we already note a curious change of sentiment in the Governor's critics in this State. Having declared him to be an utter failure while there was a prospect of his continued service, they now reproach him with deserting his post,—with robbing the State of an honest Governor and leaving it to the mercy of the spoilsman. Of course this is creditable to Mr. Roosevelt. Nor is it detracting from the credit due him to intimate that the State of New York will be able to take care of itself; that it is, in truth, better versed in the arts of self-preservation than the Governor himself, and can afford to spare him, valuable though he has been. On the other hand, it is probable that four years of inertia will benefit Mr. Roosevelt if he can survive it. He is green timber as yet and the Vice-Presidency is a drying-kiln that ought to turn him out well seasoned in 1904. In which year, if there be anything left of him at all, he will have as good a right to hope great things for himself as any American we know.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

THE PITH of a political platform is chiefly in what it does not say. What it does say is rarely original or daring. The greatest common denominator of most of them would be the affirmation that two times two are four; that the party looks back upon a glorious past devoted to the support of this premise, and forward to an equally glorious future in which its integrity shall be stoutly defended against all heretics. In fact, political platforms are usually of profit to the citizen in such ratio as Heaven has blessed him with the sense of humor. The latest Republican platform, while no exception to this rule, is still worth reading for what it does not say, and is, on the whole, a creditable piece of work, as frank,

definite and positive as it is perhaps ever wise for a platform to be. The Gold Standard, for example, is endorsed and the Silver heresy condemned with a bluntness that leaves nothing to be desired, and that contrasts finely with the timidity displayed toward the same problem in 1896. The assertions about prosperity, the high purpose of the war, a liberal pension policy, the civil service, the rights of the Negro and the Administration's foreign policy were to be expected and will hardly be quarreled with. The remarks about Trusts, Protection and a shipping subsidy were also to be expected, and are notable for the deftness with which two opposing principles are apparently reconciled. For, little as we may be certain of about the good and bad of Trusts, we know at least that a Trust enjoying tariff favors displays the evil of special privilege in its most telling form; that the proposed shipping subsidy is the frankest kind of provision for the worst kind of Trust; and that, sooner or later, the Republican party will discover that Trusts and Protection won't hitch to the same wagon. That is "the little rift within the loot." Nevertheless the Republican platform of 1900 is a good one as platforms go, and deserves a majority of our votes.

ROMAN CATHOLIC POLITICS.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC head is a good head to hit hard every time it is poked out of the Roman Catholic Church. Inside that church it should and does enjoy the same respect, privileges and immunities that all other heads enjoy in their respective churches. When it comes outside it is properly cracked from all sides. This time it is a proposal to federate all Roman Catholic societies in the United States for political action. Bishop McFaul is credited with its origin and his avowed aim is to make the Roman Catholic Church "felt in our State Legislatures and National Congress." "What representation have we in State and National affairs," he asks, "when we measure the proportion we bear to the whole population of the country?" Of course it is hard to answer so silly a query soberly. Yet the sober answer is that the Roman Catholic Church has exactly the same representation in "State and National affairs" that every other Church has:—which is none at all, and which will never be any more so long as there is a drop of good sap left in the Constitution of the United States. As to those citizens of the United States who, by religion, are Roman Catholics, they have the same representation in State and National affairs that is enjoyed by citizens who chance to be Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Unitarians, infidels or what not; and the assertion that they will never have more than these, belongs, by virtue of its self-evident certainty, among the addenda to the multiplication table. One might suspect that Bishop McFaul has just emerged from the darkest cell of some remote monastery, and that the pupils of his eyes are not yet contracted to the light in which he finds himself. He might adjust them over some good history of the United States, until he learns what a red rag is and what a bull is, and the dangers of combining them. No other possible political enterprise would make quite so many strange bedfellows as this advocated by the Bishop. Then would the bearded Populist be seen to lie down with the trim-jowled Shylock of Wall Street; Labor would camp with grinding Capital, and Mr. Bryan would slumber beside Russell Sage in the latter's elegant hard-wood folding bed that cost \$6.69. But the head of the Bishop's Church is too wise to need instruction to this effect.

NEW LINES FOR A GUEST-CHAMBER.



SLEEP COLD between these chilly sheets,
Poor guest, whoe'er thou art,
And pray those homesick yesterdays
May nerve thee to depart.

Nor let to-morrow find thee still
Long-suffering and meek,
Content to eye those comforts which
Thou dost not dare to seek.

Nay! in this bleak and barren room
Indulge sweet dreams of flight;
Nor quake when cast-off furniture
Snaps out its last
Good-night!

Adam Dow.

KEY AND DOOR.

"The European concert," observed Li Hung Chang, sadly, "seems to be all in one key, at last."

"I wonder if this key has anything to do with the open door?" sighed the Emperor, who is weak in his mind, they say.

STRAIGHT.

COLONEL.—The Judge is a strict party man, is n't he?

THE MAJOR.—Oh, yes! He votes as he shoots.

PROBABLY no person on earth knows more things that are not so than a London newspaper war expert.

PORTO RICO is learning, to her sorrow, that the average American statesman does not know his business as well as the average American soldier knows his.

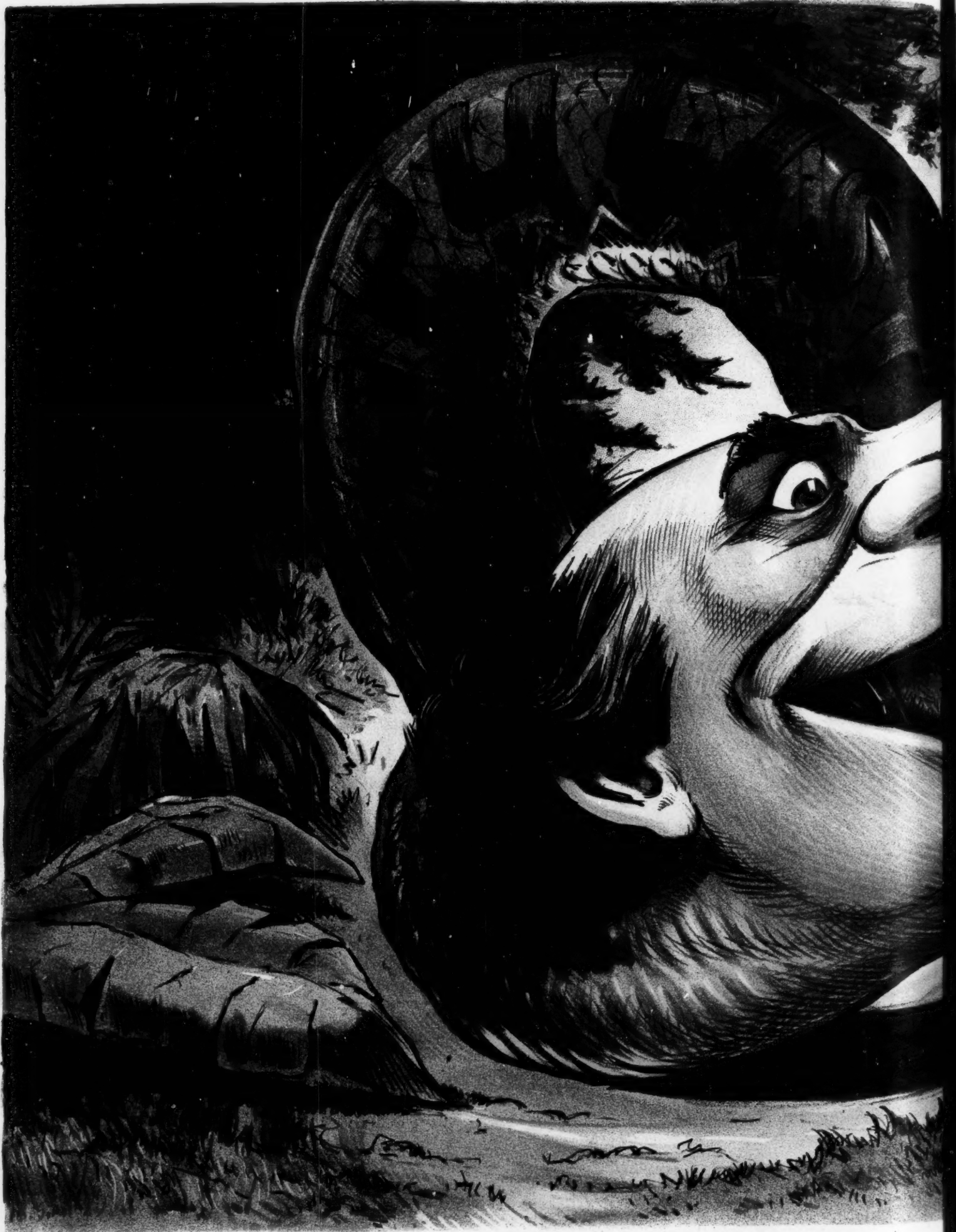


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AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

PALMIST.—You will live to be about ninety; you will inherit a large fortune in a few years; your business will prosper and—

MR. OUTERTOWN (*impatiently*).—Oh! that is all right about those things; but, tell me, will our new cook stay with us any length of time?"



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

SWA ED!



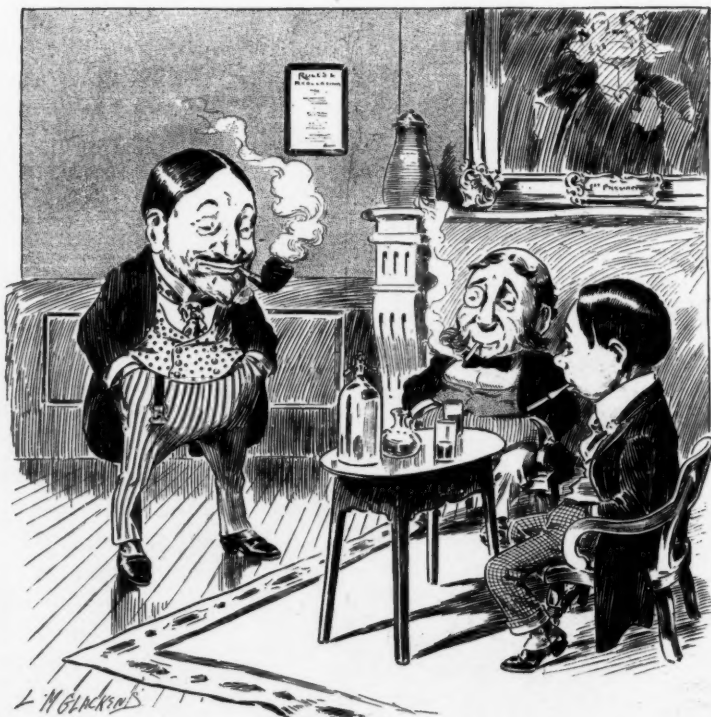
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MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE
ANGLO-BOER WAR.

CHAPTER XX.—PRETORIA.

AS WE seen in the last chapter, whin Roberts tuk Johannesburg there was a great panic in Pretoria. The Bitter End Societies called a convintion an' passed resolutions amindin' their motto to mek it read "Give us liberty or give us death—but, if ye select the latther, let it be death fr-rom ould age." Singin' societies was hastily for-rmed to pr-ractise "God Save the Quane," so as to be able to give the Br-ritish the raycption to which they are accustomed. Prisdint Kruger just waited long enough to shtick a few bars av goold in his thravelin' bag an' lit out; thus, as the Br-ritish corrspondints said, basely desertin' his country in its hour av need, instid av waitin' to let Roberts capture him, which wud have been so much more con-vanient an' satisfactory. The officeholders was in the wor-rst state av panic av anny av thim for the raison that Kruger left no money to pay their salaries; so they called a meetin' for the purpose av havin' a con-nption fit an' daynouncin' the Thransvaal as a corrupt ould ollygar-rchy an' sym-pathoizin' wit' the Outlanders an' Joe Chamberlain. An' so Roberts mar-rched into Pretoria an' the Union Jack is flyin' over the city, but the Boer artillery, as uzhel, is a few moiles away. Roberts will get it, av coorse, sooner or later, but, at this wroitin', Oi cud not say where or whin. The Boers do not look as if they was ready to quit jist yit, an' Oi know that the pro-Boers, almost to a man, is ready to thransfor-rm thimsilves into pro-gorillas an' av carryin' on—that is, they are in favor av the Boers carryin' on—a gorilla warfare an' foightin' in the last ditch.

'T was in the middle av all this confusion an' panic in Pretoria thot our ould fri'nd De Wet gev the press cinsor somethin' to kape quiet for a few days. De Wet was afeerd that his commando moight catch the prayvalin' discouragemint if he kep' thim around Pretoria so he tuk thim to the south. An' thin he h'ard thot the Jook av Cambr-ridge's Own Yeomanry was makin' a mar-rch to Lindley, an' he judged by the name



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A BOON.

CHOLLY.—Yes; I wegard clubs as a gweat convenience.

JONES.—Decidedly! Without clubs one might have nothing to do without knowing just where to do it.



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HE MAKES EXCEPTIONS.

THE GUEST.—And I suppose you despise all land-lubbers?
THE TAR.—Oh, no, Miss! Only the men-folks of 'em!

av it, that it shud be aisy. An' whin they tould him there were three erruls an' sivin' lor-rds in it, wit' a few jooks an' mar-rkisses an' sich, thot settled it. "Roberts," says he, "may have Pretoria, but Oi 'll have the Jook av Cambr-ridge's Own." An' he has. Methuen med a masterly mar-rch to save thim, but he has n't saved annybody yit. Av coorse, this news, comin' along wit' the raypor-rt av the capture av Pretoria, did not mek London feel so bad as it wud if it kem by itsilf. It did n't aiven break the cable, showin' thot the last man thot fixed it must have done a purty good job, for we can all raymimber the toime whin it wud have been an awful sthrain on the cable to have to carry the news thot the Jook av Cambridge's Own was no longer his, but belonged to thot ould villyan Kruger.

But, sure, it was considhered but a throiflin' disasther seein' thot the war was pr-ractically over.



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HE ATTACKS THE AUTHORITY.

SHE.—Mr. Bullfrog has been telling me things about you.

HE.—Oh! don't pay any attention to what he says; he likes to hear himself croak.

NOT ADMITTED.

HER HUSBAND (annoyed).—You buy so many thing you don't want!

MRS. BARGYN-HUNTER (sweetly).—Not at all! Indeed, I doubt if there is any such thing.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES — That the Prophet Will Hit it Wrong.

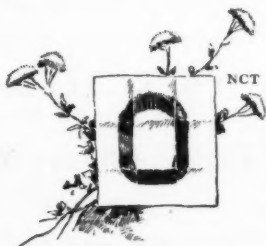


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MADAM'S IDEA.

HUSBAND.—So you attended Madam Sayloot's lecture on "How to bring up children." How did she handle the subject?

WIFE.—Oh, wretchedly! She stood up there and advised mothers to stay home and take care of their children instead of running around listening to lectures about it!



MUMPS.

NCT I took the mumps, and, My!
Did n't I look funny! I
Made the people laugh and roar
When they pecked in through the door.
But Ma did n't laugh, and she
Was jes' awful nice to me—
Even though I had the "grumps,"
For that always goes with mumps.

And I could n't swaller good;
So she fed me all she could
With a spoon, on soupy stuff;
Jiminy! I got enough
Of that sort of thing, you bet!—
Soup 's too watery and wet.
And Pa had to do the chores,
'Cause I dassent go outdoors.

I was down in bed three days!
Sick in lots and lots of ways;
And they promised me some figs
And new boots and guinea pigs,
And some more that I forget;—
But I have n't got 'em yet!
And I foun'—jes' think of it!—
Two whole loads of wood to split!

Edwin L. Subin.

A SICKENING INNOVATION.

UNCLE REUBEN.—What a dude Jake is since he came back from school!

UNCLE JOSHUA.—Dude! Should say he was. Don't it make you tired, though, to hear him say "inveigle" when he means "horn-swoggle?"

GOLF.

'T was my grandfather's custom to golf all
The day, eating only a waffle.
When urged to swear off,
He exclaimed: "What! from golf?"
And swore, as he played, something awful.

THEIR SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM.

"It is very sad," said the first mosquito, "that our human fellow creatures should take such a narrow view of us."

"Very sad, indeed," replied the second mosquito. "If Man were sufficiently enlightened, he would see that we are of some use in the world, and, instead of trying to exterminate us, he would strive to provide us with some food more attractive than himself. But what's the use of buzzing?"

And they sighed simultaneously.

WOULD SUIT THE TURTLES.

"Well, well! If everybody was as easily frightened as that youngster is, there would be no such thing as turtle soup!"

A FAIR ESTIMATE.

BRIGGS (at the hotel they saw advertised).—How many will this hotel dining-room accommodate, old man?

GRIGGS.—About eight billion flies and people.

DIFFERENT.

"Did you ever enjoy a straw ride in the country?"

"No."

"By George, old man, you ought to go on one once!"

"I have. I said I never enjoyed one."

SPEAKING OF street-cars, there is always room for one more; but speaking of the motor-man, there is always another way to look.

FOR THE sake of publishers of newspapers we hope that every day will not be Sunday until the Paper Trust shall have been regulated in some way.



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HARD, BUT NECESSARY.


PHOTOGRAPHER (to bride and groom).—Say! this is not a kinetoscope! You will have to stop that for at least three seconds, you know!

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York
5th Ave., cor. 33d St.

THE immigration statistics show that the people of Germany take but little stock in their government's theory of this being a germ-ridden nation. — *Washington Post*.



RED TOP RYE
THE WHISKEY OF WHISKIES.

If you're going on a trip, Take a friendly little tip: Place a bottle in your grip — **RED TOP RYE.**

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons,
ST. JOSEPH, Mo. CINCINNATI, O.
Distillery - Louisville, Ky

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



Support Yourself While Learning a Profession

We can qualify you in a few months to maintain yourself while learning to be a Mechanical Engineer, Electrician, Architect. Write for our new circular, "Support Yourself While Learning a Profession." Sent free.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 918 Scranton, Pa.
300,000 students and graduates. Send for circular, stating subject in which interested.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCE when buying a safety razor. Every blade is warranted and if defective send it back. **SIX MONTHS TIME TO TRY IT.**



Cut is two-thirds size of Senator Style. Blades are forged from finest razor steel, perfect in temper and will retain its edge. Name, address, emblem, photo, etc., under the handles.

MAKES A DAINTY BIRTHDAY GIFT.
An excellent high-grade advertising novelty.

Senator Style.
No. 118 2 Blades, \$1.25
No. 120 2 Blades, 1.50
No. 122 4 Blades, 1.85

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
Send 2c. stamp for Circular and Terms.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar St., Canton, O.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



AN INFERIOR ARTICLE.

JIMMY — I don't know wot 's de matter wit' dat cannon! It ain't no good!
UNCLE — Won't it shoot?
JIMMY — Yes; but it won't explode! I've shot it off sixty times and it hain't exploded yet!

When you want a tonic — pleasant to take and resultful — ask your druggist or grocer for Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. It builds you up.

Millions drink Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne every year and the numbers are rolling up with a rush.

BROTHER DICKEY'S SUNDAY SAYINGS.

I has come ter de conclusion dat dey ain't much use in preachin' hell ter sinners in de blazin' month er June.

I dunno whether hell is in de sun or not; but, ef hit is, I'm glad hit 's a powerful long ways off!

Dey say de heathen over in China is eatin' up de missionaries ag'in. Well, dat 's only another way er swallerin' de gospel.

Our home people could take revenge on de Chinese by killin' off dem what 's in dis country. But I hopes dey won't tackle de Atlanta Chinamen t'well I gits my laundry out.

I never did run 'cross any er dem Chinese Boxers; en fum de way dey is hittin', right en lef', I done decided dat I won't tackle 'em. — *Atlanta Constitution*.

IN MOURNING.

"Oh, shame!" cried the neighbors; "she 's playing again!"
What harm? The poor widow was lonely,
She found the piano a solace, and then
She was using the black keys only.

— *Catholic Standard and Times*.

GOING IT TOO FAST.

GUEST. — Now I'll take some ice-cream to top off with, three flavors.

WAITER. — Your bill is seventy-five cents already.

GUEST. — What of that?

WAITER. — Why, you see, sir, mixed ice-cream is twenty cents, and you'll probably give me a dollar to pay the check, and that'll leave only five cents for me. — *New York Weekly*.

PATIENCE. — Is that ring he gave you set with precious stones?

PATRICE. — Yes; precious few stones. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

Order some

"Club Cocktails"

Sent Home To-day.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them. Ask your husband at breakfast which he prefers — a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York — and then surprise him with one at his dinner.

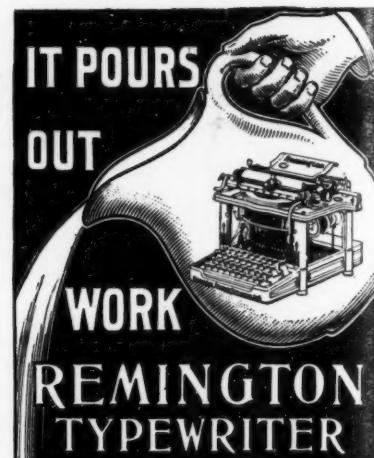
For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
29 Broadway, N.Y. Hartford, Conn.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
— *Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS



IT POURS OUT

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OUT TO-DAY!

Fastest Trains in the World — On the New York Central.

Analysis

Take any whiskey for analytical test as compared with



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

And we do not fear but that the Hunter Whiskey will prove to be the purest type.

It is made pure, Age refines and mellows it and the flavor delights all.

Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Did you ever hear of R.I.P.A.N.S.—
Wondrous little tabules brown?
Many persons who have used them
Gladly add to their renown.
You should never be without them,
For in fact and to be brief,
When dyspepsia's pains attack you
Just one Tabule gives relief.

CHEW

Beeman's



The
Original
Pepsin
Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

Pears'

To keep the skin clean is to wash the excretions from it off; the skin takes care of itself inside, if not blocked outside.

To wash it often and clean, without doing any sort of violence to it, requires a most gentle soap, a soap with no free alkali in it.

Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A HERO.

Onward came the frantic steed!
People, shrieking, fled its path;
From constraining forces freed
On it came—a thing of wrath.

Bildad heard the noise and ran;
Saw the terror clear the street;
Something stirred the little man—
Thrilled him to his very feet.

Bildad's courage did not flag—
All the danger clear he saw;
Click! he'd caught the running nag—
Caught it with his camera!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN TENNESSEE.

She stood in the cabin doorway and called down the mountain to her youngest, aged five, who sat behind a stone at the base: "Wash'ton Glidden! Wash'ton Glidden!"

"Yes'm!"—back up the mountain.

"What yo' un's doin'?"

"Nuffin'."

"Is yo' un's smokin'?"

"Yes'm."

"Is yo' un's smokin' twist?"

"Yes'm."

"In a co'n-cob pipe?"

"Yes'm."

"A'ri, Wash'ton; but doan' yo' lemme kaitch yo' smokin' none o' dem cigareets!"

"Yes'm."

And she went back into the cabin and the smoke continued to come above the rock at the base of the mountain.—
Detroit Free Press.

MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

"I am very much afraid that the public does not appreciate me properly," said the Filipino general.

"Well, it's the old story," remarked his elderly relative. "A man always insists on trying to be something that his talents do not fit him for. You would be a soldier, when you ought to have been getting medals all over your chest as a sprinter."—
Washington Star.

A VICTIM OF HOUSECLEANING.

MISSIONARY.—Was it liquor that brought you to this?

IMPRISONED BURGLAR.—No sir; it was housecleanin'—Spring housecleanin', sir.

MISSIONARY.—Eh? Housecleaning? BURGLAR.—Yessir. The woman had been housecleanin', and the stair carpet was up, an' the folks heard me.—
New York Weekly.

FORESTALLING ACCIDENTS.

SEVERE FATHER.—Clara, what is the meaning of the diamond ring on your finger?

CLARA.—Oh! it is a sign that Harry has something to ask you that it will do no good to refuse.—
Jewelers' Weekly.

"MINE is a touching tale," murmured the stranger, with a heavy sigh.

"Consider me touched," said the editor promptly, as he laid a dime before the caller and then resumed his editing.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOD is not worshiped in spirit and in truth in the church that has to go into the show business to raise money to pay its honest debts.—
Ram's Horn.

ONE is almost afraid to open letters nowadays for fear it is some scheme to get money.—
Washington Democrat.

People who take Dr. Siger's Angostura Bitters in the Spring don't suffer from chills and fever and malaria in July and August. Beware of poisonous domestic substitutes.

Williams' Shaving Soap



FAMOUS FOR ITS LATHER
The Only Kind that Won't Dry on the Face

SOAPS that dry on the face are not properly prepared, and cause smarting, itching and dangerous irritations.

Williams' Soaps are prepared by the only firm in the world making an exclusive specialty of shaving soaps, and represent the skill and experience of over 60 years devoted to the difficult problem of making a perfect soap for shaving.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.
Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c. Yankee Shaving Soap (Round or square Tablet), 10c.
Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c. Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.
Trial Tablet for 2c. Stamp.
London Paris THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. Dresden Sydney

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

THE devil would rather start a church fuss any time than to sell a barrel of whiskey.—
Ram's Horn.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.



Brighton

Silk Garter

It's flat, and it fits. Made in all the wanted colors and the newest cross-bar patterns.

25c. pair. At furnishers, or mailed.
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,
718 Market St., Philadelphia.

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SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

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A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

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MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

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Edouard de Reszke
the world's greatest Basso, writes:



White Rock OZONATE
LITHIA **WATER**

FRANK HUNTOON, ESQ.,
The White Rock Mineral Spring Company.

DEAR SIR: I have much pleasure in stating in this unsolicited testimonial, that I consider your White Rock water the very best table drink within my experience. I have constantly used it for several years, with the greatest benefit for the economy of the digestive organs and health in general, and I have recommended its use to all my friends. I rejoice to hear that the White Rock is obtainable now in Paris at the Exhibition, and during my stay there I shall certainly drink nothing else but your delicious Lithia. I am dear sir,

Yours sincerely,
THE GILSEY HOUSE, New York, EDOUARD DE RESZKE.
April 24, 1900.

Four pints of White Rock will be sent anywhere in the United States, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00. After drinking four pints you will buy it regularly of your dealer. Booklet FREE.

WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY, Waukesha, Wis.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Knickerbocker Special and

South-Western Limited, the Famous Trains between Boston, New York, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, via **BIG 4 ROUTE** and New York Central, Boston & Albany, Chesapeake & Ohio. All the luxuries of café and library as well as dining and sleeping cars.

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Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body. **ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,** and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to **ALOIS P. SWOBODA,** 34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



THE EVENT OF THE SEASON. The first annual re-union of the "Saratoga Limited" Club took place on Saturday, June 23rd, when the New York Central inaugurated its fast train service to Saratoga for the season of 1900. The affair was in charge of the irrepressible George H. Daniels, which is equivalent to saying it was a grand success from start to finish. The New York Central's famous "Saratoga Limited," which runs every day, except Sunday, between New York and Saratoga, at the same speed as the "Empire State Express," is composed exclusively of Pullman cars, and is an example of the highest type of railroad travel in America. Thousands of people enjoyed its luxurious comforts last year, and thousands more are going to enjoy them this year; in fact, with the well-informed, the old saying "See Paris and die" has been modernized into "See Saratoga with Daniels and the New York Central and live."

SEN-SEN A DAINTY TOILET NECESSITY. SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.



COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARZMAN HE KNEW BY EXPERIENCE.

MR. SMITH.—Those bonnets will be 'way out of style inside of a month.
MR. BACHELOR.—How do you know they will?
MR. SMITH.—My wife has just got one!

AN HUMBLE SERMON.

Dar nebber wa' n't no one who could n't fin' out Sumpin' clus to his home to git busy about. It may be de work does n' pay as it should, But it's better dan loafin' an' bein' no good. So I mixes de whitewash or pushes de spade 'Thout talking too much 'bout de money dat's paid. Don' was'e all yoh time countin' up de reward, Jes' ten' to yoh bus'ness an' trust in de Lawd.

When Moses, de prophet, led Israel's band He did n' stahit axin' de price o' de land He was leadin' 'em to. Ef dey followed de light He knowed dat de future wah boun' to come right. De onlies' way to succeed is to stahit A-doin' yoh bes' wid yoh han's an' yoh heart. So don' git contrairy an' sing off de chord, Jes' ten' to yoh bus'ness an' trust in de Lawd.

—Washington Star.

REFRACTORY.

MRS. PETERKIN.—Without exception, you are the most obstinate, perverse man I ever saw.

PETERKIN.—What have I done now?

MRS. PETERKIN.—Why, I have had that new cough-mixture in the house a month, and you have n't once caught cold! —Harper's Bazar.



THE USUAL RESULT.

FRIEND.—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?

BUSINESS MAN (wearily).—Great success! He's teaching me now. —New York Weekly.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned sentiment that charged a woman with extravagance unless she bought clothes for the children that were too large? —Atchison Globe.

"SOME PEOPLE," said Uncle Eben, "would like to be good-natured; but dey ain't smaht enough ter git no one to listen to 'em 'ceppin' when dey 's abusin' somebody." —Washington Star.

FIVE CHAPTERS ON FINE CIGARS.

CHAPTER I.

Eleven years ago we opened a small shop at Key West to make higher grade cigars than could then be obtained from existing factories; this entire product was for several years absorbed in the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida and Alabama.

Tourists and travelers to these states soon discovered the superior excellence of Cortez Cigars, and in a few years the goods had been sent in a small way and tested in nearly every section of the United States.

CHAPTER II.

Smokers of high grade cigars are slow to change, so the growth of the factory was not rapid, but for eight years there had been a noiseless and steady increase.

During the trying period of the Spanish War, when other factories had to stop or "fake," Cortez cigars took a long leap into public favor and were also shipped to foreign countries: Germany, Norway, and Australia, becoming customers.

CHAPTER III.

The government transports to Cuba and the West Indies and the regimental commissaries carried supplies of Cortez cigars, and for several months after the occupation of Cuba, Cortez cigars were being smoked in peace on the beautiful Prada at Havana.

This was truly "carrying coals to Newcastle;" but this cosmopolitan population of "after the war" became the natural missionaries to proclaim the goodness of our cigars.

CHAPTER IV.

The thoughtless smoker may not realize the exacting care required to produce Cuban Hand-made cigars, slightly and uniform; every leaf is watched and counted and tenderly nursed from seed-bed to perfection.

The superior climatic conditions of Key West are not questioned — our cigars are all made here.

We have no branch factories; we put a soul into our cigars which cannot be divided. Our work is exclusive, we make for exclusive custom, by them our trade-mark: "FOR MEN OF BRAINS—CORTEZ CIGARS—MADE AT KEY WEST," is understood and appreciated.

CHAPTER V.

We realize that the best commercial success is secured by undivided attention to a single subject; this policy will be continued in our new factory with capacity for fifteen million cigars: Our customers are loyal and have grown with us — their interests are always ours.

Possibly we can serve you to advantage. If so, address

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

YOUTHFUL DIPLOMACY.

MOTHER (*with conviction*).— Johnny, you took those preserves from the pantry.

JOHNNY (*shrewdly*).— Why, Ma, you never saw me doing anything of the kind!

MOTHER.— Perhaps I did n't see you, but you did it, and I want you to tell me the truth. (*After a long pause.*) Come! Why don't you answer?

JOHNNY.— Ma, "children should be seen and not heard." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

THE NATURE OF IT.

"They say that mule meat gave the hungry people in Kimberley much better satisfaction than horse meat."

"That is n't strange. Mule meat would naturally make them kick at other food." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DIRECT FROM HABANA, CUBA, TO YOU.

A BOX OF 25

...PERFECTOS

Mailed post-paid for \$3.18, in BANK NOTES, DRAFT, CHECK, or STAMPS.
DO NOT SEND COIN OR MONEY ORDERS.

ALTHOUGH QUALITY IS UNEXCELLED
PRICE IS LOW

BECAUSE

- 1.—We are selling you at wholesale prices.
- 2.—You are buying from Habana direct.
- 3.—This year's crop of leaf tobacco is abundant and we are giving you the benefit of low prices.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

Havana Cigars are NOT Habana Cigars; there are many Havanas, but there is only one Habana, and that one is in Cuba; insist on having the words *HABANA, CUBA*, on each Cigar and box, if you want the very best.

PRIVATE BRANDS

We make a specialty of supplying Clubs, Hotels, and Gentlemen with their own Monograms, Crests and Designs on our Cigars.

We are prepared to supply you weekly with *FRESH CIGARS* direct from *HABANA, CUBA*, to you; for further particulars apply to

LA TABACALERA CUBANA,

Price List of superior
HABANA Cigars post free.

Apartado 281, HABANA, CUBA.



La Preferencia Cigars
"30 MINUTES IN HAVANA"

Cheaper than any cigar
equally good and better than
any equally cheap.

THE TRAVELLER'S PACKAGE.

If your dealer does not sell *Preferencia Cigars* in sealed cans send us your name, address and \$2.50 and we will express you, charges prepaid, a can containing 25.

THE HAVANA-AMERICAN Co., Maker, New York.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

"My boy, Jimmy, aged nine, is a corker in psychology; and it's only his second term at it, too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. The other day he said he was certain that the higher moral influence had nothing to do with my being a good citizen."

"Then how did he account for it?"

"He said I was afraid of the police!" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A FRUITLESS SUBTERFUGE.

FOND FATHER.— Tommy, I've just received from Santa Claus a telegram saying he has n't watches enough this year to go round.

TOMMY (*reflectively*).— Well, just wire him to call here early in the evening. — *Jewelers' Weekly.*



AN OBJECTION.

"I never cared to drink alone."

"Nor I. One has so much more time to think of the consequences."

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